

Vol. III.

Washington, D. C., March 1, 1898.

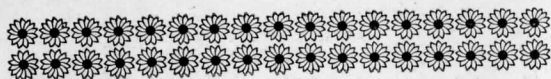
No. 8.

*A conspicuous character at
the Law School Dance.*

*P.D. SULLIVAN
DEL. '98.*

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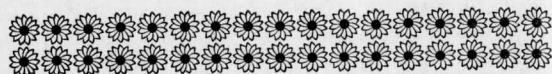
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The Columbian Call

WASHINGTON, D. C., MARCH 1, 1898.

THE LAWYER'S GHOST STORY.

BY M. M. RAMSEY.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.)

About three weeks afterwards I received a note from her asking me to meet her at her mother's house the following Sunday at four o'clock. I went there at the appointed hour, and was ushered into a small, tastefully furnished parlor on the second floor where I found the girl and a neat-looking old lady of about fifty, with sharp, inquisitive countenance and great volubility of tongue. After some general conversation, Lucille related the story of the ghost, a somewhat distorted and embellished version of which was current among the servants. Also that Mrs. Reynolds appeared to have some burden upon her mind and used drugs and opiates freely. Besides this she told with considerable reluctance, that a something, a ghost, spirit, or angel had several times appeared to herself. This apparition was in the form of a young woman, pale, beautiful, and robed apparently in pure white muslin, with a gentle, pensive expression, and would at times approach her bedside, and look tenderly at her, and again, beckon to her as if wishing her to follow. When spoken to, the phantom would make no reply, but simply vanish. There was nothing about it to repel or terrify, but on the contrary, its manifestations were tender and affectionate and she was rather attracted and charmed by its presence than otherwise.

"To this strange recital I listened without remark, but, as you may suppose, without implicit faith; still it was difficult to doubt Lucille's sincerity, her own experience being given in such a straight-forward, unaffected manner. With many thanks for the information, and an assurance that I would call again if I should see a chance of accomplishing any worthy object, I took my leave.

"A few weeks afterwards I mentioned the matter incidentally, at an evening assembly, to my friend Mrs. Chas. Stedman, who is a believer in what is called spiritualism. It had not occurred to me to consult any of these people, whom I had always regarded as including in their ranks a large percentage of knaves and dupes. Many of the so-called mediums who were on exhibition over the

country were confessedly frauds, and it seemed quite possible that all were. Mrs. Stedman scouted the story of the menacing spectre, and declared that the old woman was merely haunted by her own conscience; but she saw nothing incredible, or even unusual, in the story of the other apparition. She warmly urged me to seek the advice of Mrs. King, who was highly reputed among the believers as a 'non-professional' medium. Thinking that nothing could be lost by making the experiment, I effected the necessary arrangements, and one evening in March, Mrs. Stedman, Lucille, her mother and myself repaired to the residence of Mrs. King. We were ushered into a back parlor, where six or eight persons were already collected, to whom we were introduced. After about ten minutes spent in general conversation, proceedings commenced. We were seated around a long table, made by placing two together. The lights were turned down till we could not distinguish one another's features, and we were directed to join hands in a circle. The medium assumed no authority over the others, and was not more conspicuous than anyone else. Words grew faint and few, uttered in low sepulchral tones, scarce above a whisper. "Sweet bye-and-bye" and "Shall we meet you at the river" were chanted low and dolefully, and at the end of each the chief speaker asked aloud:—

"Are there any spirits present? If there be, will they please manifest it by three raps on the table?"

"But there were no raps; and to my worldly mind the ludicrous features of the scene eclipsed its solemnity. There was more singing, and more calls;—at length three faint, but distinct taps. The speaker inquired, 'Is it a friend of mine? of Mr. A.? of Mrs. B.?' and so on round the table. The raps told when the right person was reached. By questioning in the same manner, it proved to be a child—niece of one of the company.

"Are there any more spirits present?' was asked.

"No answer.

"Do you know Louise Atherton?' asked Mrs. Stedman.

"Three faint raps.

"Can she be present to-night?"

"Again no response. Several more questions were asked, but profound silence was the only reply. We then tried more singing, and called again. But never a rap did we hear. At length the medium declared that it was evident that there was some adverse influence, possibly some sceptic present, and that probably nothing more would appear that night; and the company arose to go. Very much disgusted with the whole affair, I was about taking my leave, when a thought occurred to me to ask the medium if spirits might not be successfully questioned in private as well as in a company like the one present. 'Oh, yes,' she replied, 'provided the questioner is sufficient of a medium.' Lucille, who was much more attracted than myself by the proceedings declared to me, after we had left the house, that she intended to question the apparition, the next time it should appear to her.

"I accompanied Mrs. Stedman and Lucille to their homes, the latter promising to inform me of any further developments. Sceptical as I was, the subject, taken all together, had begun to interest me so far as to occupy a considerable share of my waking thoughts, and even of the proper time for slumber. 'Could there be any truth in these tales of apparitions?' 'was Lucille a deceiver or self-deceived?' were questions I was perpetually asking myself. Three weeks passed and brought no tidings, and I was beginning to regard myself as the dupe of Lucille, although in the words of a Virginia poet,

—'her look
Had more of truth than any vow
E'er plighted on a book.'

"At last a note came, announcing the re-appearance of the spirit, and appointing an interview at Mme. de Mareil's the following Sunday. I kept the tryst strict almost to the minute. There, in the presence of her mother, Lucille related how she had waited impatiently for the apparition, but that it had not come until four nights before; that she had then asked its name and business, when it vanished as at first. Reproaching herself for thus defeating her own purpose, as an eager boy crushes a butterfly, she was about to fall asleep, when she heard a gentle tapping on the table near her bedside. She roused herself, and seeing no one, inquired if any spirit were present, and received the standard affirmative answer of three raps.

"'What spirit is it?' she asked.

"But she received no answer. She repeated her question, to no avail. This was all she had to tell, except that Mrs. Reynolds gave every evidence of being haunted by a guilty conscience if not by some apparition.

"Very much chagrined, I abruptly departed, inwardly blaming myself and everyone concerned in the stupid business. Weeks passed, but my mind still continued to occupy itself with the details which I have related to you. One morning I found at my office a note from Mrs. Stedman. It was to the effect that a Professor Kelly, a great luminary among the spiritualists, was in the city. He had achieved, she said, great success in holding communication with departed spirits by means of slate writing, and she begged me to call upon him and see if he could obtain any light on the mystery. I replied that I was tired and disgusted with the affair, and wished to have nothing further to do with spirits or spiritualists. But Mrs. Stedman's female curiosity had been aroused and would not down. Three days later I received another note, in which she said that she herself had called upon Kelly, and had given him an outline of the matter upon which she desired to obtain information and had asked him if he thought he could get any clue by communicating with the spirit world. As Kelly had said that the person most interested would have to write the questions, she went on to say that she had called upon Lucille and had made her arrangements, and the two were to have an interview with Kelly the next day at two o'clock. In conclusion she said that I might come or stay away just as I chose.

"I concluded that as she had taken the matter so into her own hands I might as well be present, and accordingly the next day I reached Kelly's place at about half-past two, having been delayed by the provoking slowness of the horse cars. I found Mrs. Stedman and Lucille conversing with Kelly in the front, I can not with justice give it the title of parlor. As soon as I was presented he conducted us to a rather meagerly furnished back room on the ground floor. He was a man of middle age, medium height, no particular cast of features, and spare, straight hair of no definite color. He took a seat with his back to the wall at a small table, covered with a cheap green woolen cloth with a yellow border. The table had no drawers, and there was nothing on the cover but a number of ordinary slates with plain hard wood frames. Kelly motioned Lucille to a seat opposite him, and with another gesture pointed to chairs ranged along a blank wall, and probably expected that Mrs. Stedman and I would seat ourselves there. I, however, took two chairs and placed them at the end of the table where we could command a side view of both Kelly and Lucille. Kelly pushed over to Lucille a number of bits of thin, spongy, paper about the size of playing cards, and two stumpy

lead pencils, and asked her to write to any friends she choose, ask any questions she pleased, or write merely the names. Lucille hesitated, confused, evidently not knowing what to say. Seeing her embarrassment I hastily wrote the name 'Louise Atherton' on a leaf of my note book, tore out the leaf and passed it to her. Kelly saw what I did, but made no objection. Lucille then copied the name on one of the slips of paper and added 'Is there anything you wish to tell me?' Kelly directed her to sign her name and to fold and refold the slip so that the writing could not be seen. He said that it was entirely uncertain whether any answer could be obtained. He had a confidential agent in the spirit land, who kept him informed on matters of interest there. This spirit impelled him to write he knew not what at the time; but afterwards, when he had read what he had written he knew what was meant. He went very much by the spirit's advice.

"He then laid one of the slates flat on the table and wrote in a rapid, jerky manner with a common slate pencil, read the writing and then rubbed it out with a rag. He then said that we should get an answer if we could get 'en rapport' with the spirit addressed. Then he scratched some more on the slate, rubbed it out and told us that the spirit said Louise had a great deal to say, but her time for correspondence was limited. He then directed Lucille to grasp the pellet of paper tightly in her hand so as to magnetize it. After a little, he put his hand on hers 'to get some of the magnetism.' Then he laid a slate on the middle of the table, and told Lucille to put the question on it. He put with it what seemed to be a bit of slate pencil about half the size of a grain of wheat. I did not see that there was any writing on the slate. Then he laid another slate on the first and requested Lucille to tie them together with her handkerchief, but her handkerchief was not long enough, so I handed her mine. Kelly said she would need to hold this in her hands for a few minutes in order to impart her own magnetism to it. She complied with his instructions, and finally tied the slates together. Lucille held one end of the slates for several minutes while Kelly held the other, his hand often jerking violently. After a time the spirit set Kelly to writing on the top of the slate, and thus informed him that we now had all the message we should get. Kelly untied the handkerchief and raised the upper slate, and on the upper side of the lower one writing was plainly visible. How the writing got there I have no idea. The message on the slate was rather neatly and carefully written and read as follows:

"DEAR SISTER:"

"I am so happy to be able to communicate with you, but I cannot say much this morning. I wish you to be known in your true sphere and have your rights. I am happy here and forgive the woman who caused my departure. We spirits always hover around those we love. Come and let me write to you whenever you can. Be hopeful and all will be well in the end.

LOUISE ATHERTON."

"This communication affected me strangely, and I became conscious that I had already harbored a supposition that Lucille might be the lost sister of Louise Atherton. Lucille and Mrs. Stedman fell into each other's arms. I looked from them to Kelly, and fancied I could preceive a shrewd twinkle in his faded eyes, and was not fully convinced that I was in the presence of the supernatural.

"At any rate, humbug or not, the message was well-timed. It put Mrs. Stedman into a good humor at having gained her point. It was entirely new to Lucille, but she accepted it readily; while it gave me a view of the possibilities of the case and an impulse to make inquiries. I paid Kelly his fee for the consultation, and we departed. Lucille had to return at once to her mistress, and Mrs. Stedman accompanied her. I returned alone to my office.

"The mystery of Lucille's rescue from the wreck now required solution, and for that I had to look to Mme. de Mareil. That worthy lady explained that she was a passenger on the fated Etruria. That during the monotony of the voyage Gertie had become much attached to her, and on the night of the collision she had found the child crying and frightened at being separated from her mother, and had taken her away from the crowd to pacify her, and that in the darkness and hurry and confusion of rescuing the passengers and crew they were both left behind. That the steamer did not sink so suddenly as was generally reported. That early in the morning they were taken off by the brig *Olivia* of New London, bound for the whaling grounds between Cape Dyer and Lancaster Sound. As the whaler could not put back, they were carried to the arctic regions. The vessel, having had poor luck in whaling did not return in the fall, as is customary, but wintered at the mission of Neu Herrnhut, in Greenland, and reached New London in November, 1866. That by this time she had become so attached to the little girl, and being a widow with no children of her own, she could not bear to part with her, and so taught Lucille to call her mother and never reported her identity to the authorities.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

The Columbian Call.

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TUESDAY, MARCH 1, 1898.

WAR! WAR!! WAR!!!

What a terrible calamity is war. We tremble at the thought. But are we a nation of cowards? Nay! Nay! Our honored instructor, Mr. Justice Harlan said: "If the Maine disaster proves to have been an accident we shall be glad, but if it was not an accident there will be no North, South, East or West, no more Republicans, Democrats or Populists, but we'll be Americans." So say we, all of us, and whether it be in peace or war, Americans we shall be to the end of time.

The first of the series of Sunday afternoon lectures will be delivered by President Whitman on March 13th, at 4 o'clock. Subject: "A Tripple Motto." There will be in all ten lectures by some of the distinguished men of the day, which will no doubt be thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated. We understand that admission will be had by ticket only, and

every student of the University who wishes to attend should secure a ticket at once.

A College dance, a reception by the faculty to the College, Scientific and Graduate students and a Law Class dance, all within a month. Who would have thought it? The success of these events was so marked that it would seem a good plan to try it again. Both of the dances were well attended and were thoroughly enjoyed by all. Everything passed off very pleasantly and from all accounts nothing occurred at either which was in any way unseemly. The reception was perhaps the principal event. Old Glory and Old Columbian were united in such a way that they seemed to be one and inseparable. The University had the semblance of a new creation. Gaily attired in the stars and stripes, the Orange and Blue, and decorated with beautiful palms and flowers, and with beautiful ladies and handsome men one could well imagine himself upon the verge of a new world.

Procrastination has been described as the thief of time. We begin to believe that he is the miscreant who has gotten away with the CALL's subscriptions. At any rate they have not appeared in very large numbers, and we suggest to all patriotic Columbians that there is no time like the present to begin a good work.

The next issue of the CALL will appear on Tuesday, the 15th. Please send in those articles at once.

A LATIN TRAGEDY.

Boyibus kissibus sweetgirlorum
Girlibus likibus, wanti someorum.

Inibus lapibus sittigirlorum:
Thenibus boyibus kissi someorum.

Papibus seeibus slapi girlorum,
Kickibus boyibus outi doororum.

Thenibus boyibus limpi homeorum,
Girlibus cryibus, kissi nomorerum.

—Wesleyan Advance.

THE LYRE.

How dear to our hearts is cash on subscription,
When the generous subscriber presents it to view;
But the man who won't pay—we refrain from describing
For, perhaps, gentle reader, that man might be you. *Olive and Blue.*

NOTES.

Thirty-nine cadets of the United States Military Academy were discharged on account of their failure to pass the January examinations.

Professor Leonard, of Heidelberg University, who first discovered the cathode rays, has received from the French Academy of Sciences, its prize of 10,000 francs.

The University of Wisconsin has accepted challenges for debates with the University of Illinois and the University of Kansas.

An elective course in journalism, conducted by an experienced journalist, has been established at Mount Holyoke College.

One-fourth of those who take the entrance examinations at the Massachusetts Agricultural College fail to pass.

Yale annually buys \$7,000 worth of books for her library; Harvard spends \$18,000 for the same purpose and Columbia \$43,000.

Amherst is to have a new astronomical observatory.

There are 6,000 students at the University of Berlin, one-fourth of whom are Americans.

The minimum punishment for dishonesty in examinations at Amherst College is suspension for one college term.

At Columbia out of a total registration of 2,185 students, 217 are receiving free tuition through scholarships and other means.

The debate between Columbia and the University of Chicago will be held in New York city on March 25. The question is: Resolved, "That the policy of increasing the United States Navy is wise and should be continued."

The University of Pennsylvania has recently established a small hospital, with ten beds, where sick students can have every comfort and the best medical attention, for one dollar a day. An effort will be made to have these beds endowed, which will render them free of cost to students.

A grave digger, after digging a grave for a man named Button, sent this bill to the widow: "To making one buttonhole, \$1.—*Ex.*"

"Darling," gently lisped the maiden—
Red as roses grew her face—
"If you never loved another,
How then learned you to embrace?"

Joyously he pressed her to him,
Whispering in her ear with haste,
"Foot-ball trainer while at college,
Makes us tackle round the waist."—*Ex.*

DEATH OF REGINALD FENDALL.

On the 22 of last month, Mr. Reginald Fendall, while visiting New York on business, died suddenly in his room at the Waldorf-Astoria. He was one of the original charter members of Epsilon Chapter, Sigma Chi, and in many ways aided the Chapter while in its infancy. For these reasons Epsilon, lamenting his death, passed certain resolutions herewith printed.

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst brother Reginald Fendall, a charter member of Epsilon Chapter of the Sigma Chi Fraternity, and

Whereas, We, the members of Epsilon Chapter, have every reason to feel grateful to our deceased brother for his many acts of kindness and his deep interest in the revival of the Chapter, and

Whereas, We deem it but proper that we should place on record some testimonial of his service as a Sigma Chi and of his loyalty to his old Chapter and to his Fraternity, therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Reginald Fendall, Epsilon Chapter loses a loyal brother whom we will all remember with affection, and one whose election to the high office of Grand Consul was an honor to Epsilon as well as to the Fraternity, and whose most satisfactory administration reflect great credit upon him as a devoted Sigma Chi; and be it

Resolved, That Epsilon tenders its heartfelt sympathy to the family of our deceased brother in this their hour of affliction, and be it further

Resolved, That out of respect to his memory, a badge of mourning be worn by the members of the Chapter for ten days, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family and a copy published in the *Sigma Chi Quarterly* and in the *Columbian Call*.

REED PAIGE CLARK,
E. KENDALL CUTTER,
HARRY C. COBURN.

"Yes," said the principal of the ladies' seminary to the proud parent; "you ought to be happy, my dear sir, to be the father of so large a family, the members of which appear to be devoted to one another." "Large family! Devoted!" gasped the old gentleman in amazement. "What do you mean, ma'am?" "Why, yes, indeed," said the principal, beaming through her glasses. "No fewer than eleven of Kate's brothers have been here this winter to take her to the theatre, and she tells me she expects the tall one with the blue eyes to-morrow."—*Ex.*

University Gleanings.

The students of the Medical Department seem to be taking more interest in University athletics than ever before and a great deal of substantial work is being done by those interested. About thirty of our students have already become members of the Athletic Association, and this number will doubtless be greatly increased within a few weeks. Mr. Arthur Cranston of the first year class, was recently elected manager of the baseball team and is busily engaged in looking after the club's interests.

Once more Aesculapius is to be dethroned and Epicurus crowned,—the forth year Medical Class is to have another banquet. The last was such a great success that another has been planned for the near future; several of the faculty are expected to be present and a thoroughly enjoyable time is anticipated.

It is said that some of the Medical students have been burning the midnight oil in boning up surgery, with a view to active service in a possible unpleasantness, in connection with the Cuban situation, and from present indications certainly they ought to be able to learn enough of the science for all practical purposes, by the time that Naval Board of Inquiry reaches a conclusion. Even if they have no opportunity of putting their newly acquired knowledge to immediate practical use, it may come in handy in the final examinations, so in any event the aforesaid midnight oil will not have been burned in vain. Cuba ought to be a fine field of operation for an enterprising young medico just now. From all reports there do not seem to be any very stringent anti-vivisection regulations in force down there and opportunity for original investigation should be numerous. In spare moments he might catch a few of the enemy and inoculate them with some of Dr. Sanarellis' supposed yellow fever micro-organisms; indeed the possibilities are unlimited and should be most alluring, even to our friends in the Law School, who should recall the fable of the early bird and lose no time in mastering the details of pension practice.

A medical student who had been buncoed by buying one of the many "extras" with which we have been deluged recently, took occasion to compliment the CALL upon the conservative and dignified attitude taken by it during the recent excitement over the Maine disaster. As a matter of fact the management of the CALL seriously contemplated getting out a special edition with scare headlines, offering \$100,000 for the solution of the mystery,

but sober judgment and our constant determination to avoid any charges of sensationalism restrained our patriotic impulse. It must not be imagined, however, that the coffers of the CALL are not always open to any scheme for the public good, and we have already determined that the relief party for the next polar expedition shall be fitted out entirely at our expense. However, as we have just paid our regular quarterly dividend of 200 per cent on the capital stock of the "Call Publishing Co." and as our present amount of cash on hand is somewhat limited, it is suggested that if even a small number of our 2,000,000 subscribers would promptly pay up their subscriptions, any slight delay in our proposed work might be avoided.

On Saturday evening the programme committee, consisting of Misses Brewer and Bailey and Mr. Davis, of the Columbian Corcoran Society, provided a very pleasant entertainment, which was fully appreciated by the students and their friends assembled in the Post Graduate Hall.

At the business meeting, held first, the resignation of Miss Holbrook, as secretary, was accepted, and Mr. Davis was elected to fill the vacancy. After this, musical selections were given by Miss Kent, Mr. Hopkins, who is a member of the Metropolitan Quartette, and Mr. Fontron, followed by an interesting paper on the origin and observance of St. Valentine's Day, by Miss Holbrook. The writing, exchanging and receiving of valentines, wise and otherwise, closed the evening.

On Friday, the 18th, the Senior Class of the Law School held a meeting to discuss the proposed University commencement. The fiery speeches of some of the gentlemen were heartily applauded and furnished much amusement for the onlookers. After a prolonged discussion of the merits, and more particularly the demerits of the subject in question, it was decided to appoint a committee to draft resolutions protesting against the change, and to represent that the Law School would not participate in a University commencement.

At a meeting held last Friday night, it was decided to lay the above resolutions on the table. This action will probably dispose of the matter for all time.

Prof. Johnson—"May a *feme covert* purchase real estate?"

Student—"Yes, but holds only with her husband's consent, and if she wishes to avoid same she must become a *feme sole*."

Prof. J.—"How could she get to be a *feme sole*; murder her husband?"

Student—"No, sir, must get her husband's consent."

SENIOR LAW CLASS DANCE.

On the evening of the 22d the members of the Senior Law Class assembled at Rauscher's, on Connecticut Ave., for the annual dance.

The class has always bore an enviable reputation, and after the more than successful event of last year, it was not a surprise to find that tickets were much in demand. In fact as the number was limited to seventy-five they did not begin to go round.

The affair was in every way a success and every one who was fortunate enough to secure a ticket will have occasion to remember the dance of this year as perhaps the most successful event in the history of the class.

The dancing commenced promptly at 8.30 and continued until 1.30. The decorations and music were unusually fine, and everyone reported as having had a most delightful time.

Among those present were the Misses Frances Nichol, Edna Westcott, Blanche Allison, Morgan, Carrie Smith, Elsie Maenhy, Emma Hazen, Brewer, Belle Wall, Barrett, Daisy Moore, Nellie Summerville, Moore, A. Walker, Brugger, Walker, Anna Moore, Gertrude Ward, Marie Bagley, Brown, Farnham, Robinson, Ballinger, Louise Widdicombe, Mamie Swingle, Tucker, Ollie Evans, Bury, Shoupe, Kerblum, Gillit, Scott, Jenkins, Stier, Brawner, Moreau, T. Randolph, Lord, Rabbitt, Mason, Medford, Weide, Josie Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Wharton, Mr. and Mrs. Cook, Dr. and Mrs. Frank A. Wolff, and Messrs. A. E. Snow, Davis, John A. Koons, W. S. Stamper, Homer, Medford, Burnham, L. Walter Vale, C. A. Loffler, John E. Hall, G. Lebois, MacKinsie, Louchs, Andrew Cummings, Chesley, Edward Cooke, Corbin, Byron Brown, W. B. Conwell, A. L. Tracey, F. Benjamin, W. F. Kirk, O. A. Stine, Walker, Henry, Riggles, G. E. Hubbard, Gordon, J. B. Moore, G. Fouse, J. P. Grey, Tindall, C. Beall, Gray, P. Walker, Marean, Torbert, J. W. Butts, F. E. Young, H. Johnson, H. Kingslow, Harris, J. W. Gardner, Alward, H. H. Lee, T. C. Ridgeway, C. T. Carter, W. Jolly, Tasit, Tyssowski and Brockett.

COLLEGE DANCE.

The evening of the 18th of last month will be remembered by many Columbian students with pleasant recollections. The weather was about as unpleasant as it is possible to imagine, but that did not prevent a goodly number of College students, as well as friends in the other departments and outside the University, from gathering at the Majestic to enjoy the reception and dance furnished by the committee. The spacious parlors and ballroom were hand-

somely decorated with palms, ferns, beautiful flowers, the orange and blue, and numerous fraternity flags. Members of the fair sex, beautiful beyond description, moved hither and thither, adding much to the beauty of the surroundings. Dance after dance was engaged in, and so pleasant did the time pass that it was a surprise to everyone when the band began to play "Home, Sweet Home," and they learned that it was nearly 2 a. m.

Among the many present were the Misses Sherman, Baker, Hellen, Skerrett, Camp, the Misses Hoover, the Misses Anderson, Metcalf, Ross, Biduis, Clark, Lindsay, Dart, Knight, Daryell, Wilson, Reeves, Sharpless, Dabney, Rowe, Pennywitt, Dara, the Misses Somerville, Blackistone, Hynson, Seaber, Wright, Barrett, Camp, Prof. and Mrs. Pollard, Mesdames Du Varney, Dabney, Hoover, and Messrs. Reed, Titus, Connor, Newman, Carrington, Moore, Lee, Mitchell, Lindsey, Cutter, Manning, Maynard, Sherman, Hoover, Faris, Coburn, Stuart, Webb, Knight, Keleher, Reinohl, Speare, Gillmore, Kilby, Osborn, Moon, Davis, Johnston, Torbett, Storm. Norwood, Warner, Barber, Clark and Alward.

PRESIDENT AND DEANS RECEIVE.

The evening of the birthday of the Father of his Country will, in the years to come, be looked to as a mile-stone in the history of Columbian. Time will not suffice to erase from the memory of those present the many pleasant experiences of the evening. A magnificent tribute to the memory of one dear to the heart of every true American, and a marvelous exhibition of national and collegiate beauty. Flags, college colors, beautiful plants and flowers, distributed and arranged in perfect taste and harmony, stirred the soul with patriotic fervor, with love for our Alma Mater, and reverence for our God. Sweet music and bountiful refreshment for the inner man, added much to the pleasure of the occasion. President Whitman and Deans Huntington, of the College, Munroe, of the Graduate School, Hodgkins, of the Corcoran Scientific School, and Prof. Skinner, of the faculty of the C. S. S., composed the reception committee. A large proportion of the students of the three departments were in attendance, as well as some few from the others, which, together with the members of the faculty, their wives, and members of the alumni, made a considerable number of persons who were present.

Teacher—"Johnny, what figure of speech is 'I love my teacher?'"

Johnny—"Sarcasm."—*Ex.*

AN INCIDENT OF CAMP LIFE.

On an Indian reservation, in Montana, four of us were camped near the bank of a mountain stream, in which, now an then, through the clear water could be seen a speckled trout. It was a narrow valley, the hills rising on both sides and our tent was pitched under the shadow of a wall of rock three hundred feet at least straight up. We had come over forty miles from the ranch down on the Rocky Fork, at least half that distance being a steady up grade, and had slept one night out under the stars, several miles the other side of the agency from where we were now. That night I had just fallen asleep when I was suddenly awakened by what I supposed to be the distant but clear and regular trotting of a horse. I was startled at first, wondering what horseman could be out at that late hour miles from a habitation, but the steady hoof beats kept on, coming no nearer and all at once the thought flashed through my mind that the Indians were dancing at the agency, and that was the sound of their tum-tum borne to me over the hard earth and through the clear high atmosphere.

But now this was our last day in camp. Our rations were in such a reduced condition that we had lived on squaw bread and sarvis berries all day, and our horses had eaten nearly every spear of grass in the little canon, so early in the morning we were going to "hit the trail" and we wanted to take with us some berries for the home folks. We had eaten all around our camp and to get at the best would have to wade the creek, which was a little more than ankle deep and ice cold. So the boys volunteered to carry us over. We were laughing and having a high old time, and just as my brother picked me up I glanced over to the opposite side and there sitting on a pibald mustang in full regalia, as stately as a warrior of old, was an Indian with a most serious countenance watching the fun. On coming up to him we all shook hands and said "How" and then between his knowledge of American and my brothers knowledge of Crow we found that his name was Little Wolf, that he was a chief over on the Big Horn, and was going to the agency on a visit. He showed us the "talking paper" which was his passport, and told us that farther up the canon the berries were fine, we said good bye and started off.

We must have been gone more than an hour before our pails were filled and on returning, as soon as we were in sight of the camp, looking across the creek, saw that same majestic figure keeping guard in front of our tent. As it turned out, a freighter with a team of four-

teen steers had camped just below us a few hours before, and his cattle came up to see what they could find worth having in our outfit, they were tearing down our tent when Little Wolf, going by, saw them and crossing the creek drove them away and kept guard untill our return. We, of course, invited him to stay and partake of our humble fare and we picketed out his pony. He made himself quite at home. He examined our arsenal which consisted of a rifle, a shotgun, and two six-shooters, tried to trade his blanket for a braided buckskin lariat, which by the way we were using for a guy line, then he sized up the snarly potatoes, which might have been raised in Virginia. we girls were preparing, looked at our little hunk of bacon, then glanced at the setting sun and remarked; "no bread, no meat, teepe way off, me go," then mounting his mustang disappeared down the valley. So good bye to one Indian who was not all bad.

A TENDERFOOT.

THE CANE RUSH.

Last Thursday orders were issued by the upper classmen forbidding the freshmen the use of high hats and canes in the vicinity of the college building. A few minutes later one of the under classmen appeared on the scene with his "stick." A fever of suppressed excitement ran through the school together with the expectation that something out of the ordinary was going to happen. And so it did, for it was determined to decide the controversy once for all in a general cane rush, to be held on the college campus during the noon interval. The allied sophomores and seniors outnumbered the freshmen, the juniors remaining neutral, and for a time the plucky freshmen were pretty hard pressed; the sophomores even succeeding in breaking off a portion of the cane, which was afterwards tossed over the fence and carried away. It looked at this time as though they would certainly win, one freshman alone stood between them and victory, but his friends quickly came to the rescue, and when after twenty minutes of hard fighting, time was called the sophomore class was represented by one man, while five freshmen hands grasped the cane and thus gained the victory.

SILENCE AM DE GOLDENEST.

"It doan' pay to do much talkin' w'en you' mad enuff to choke,
'Kase de word dat stings de deepes' am de one dat's never spoke;
Let de other fellow wrangle till de storm am blowed away,
Den he'll do a pile ob thinkin' 'bout de things you didn't say.—Ex.

ANNALS OF A COUNTRY TOWN.

BY R. E. ZELA.

CHAPTER I.

Imagine a town scattered along a valley road—mountains on either side—a glimpse of the road above climbing steadily over the Alleghenies, a glimpse it below winding lazily toward the plain of the Potomac. Houses of brick and stone in colonial style, white-washed fences, heavy shade trees, trailing vines, a running brook—leaping merrily over boulders and under the wooden bridge—set angular with the road, but spanning the true course of the stream; gardens along side of the old mansions with sunflowers and gimpson weeds, nodding in the wind, an old mill and mill-race hard by—all gone to ruin—the wheel, laying sidewise in the caving gulch below, furnishing a pretty picture with its covering of moss, the roof of the mill bending like an old man under its many years. Such was Sperryville. Down the road lay the business portion of the town, quaint little box stores with square raised fronts raising above the sharp angled roofs.

Each store has its little shelter and platform, and under the "post office" platform are always assembled the oldest man, the wisest man, the bravest man, and the funniest man in town, each in his own peculiar way, wearing the honors that they have grown into, inherited, or been forced into by circumstances. Have you not seen a country town for all the world like this? But you are interested in the people and in time you are interested by the people, you can't help it. They may be uncouth in appearance, their language may be rough, drawled, bad grammar, worse rhetoric, interspersed with profanity, yet withal, full of the real character of those speaking. Your intelligent ear hears and intelligent mind immediately sifts the inhabitants and finds many fine characters in the village. Now take the oldest man in town, Major Browder, his accustomed chair in front of the post office is vacated by the ungallussed urchins, as he comes up, with slow and feeble steps, his palsied hand grasping the chair as he seats himself. He is not so tall as he once was, he stoops, his nose and chin are miraculously close to one another. He has a thin face, plenty of long gray hair, warts on his cheek, and thin beard and side whiskers. His eyes seem fixed before him and his bent frame cuddles up in the chair like a school-boy as he leans part of his weight with his clasped hands upon his stick. He seldom speaks and when he does his voice sounds strange—uncanny—a childish treble, that comes out of the thin little frame,

wrapped in the worn and soiled suit of antiquated style, and startles us as much as would the talking of a large green frog sitting upon the bank of a stream.

It was a tranquil evening in May as Major Browder sat in the accustomed place until the sun was going down toward the west, behind Strong Man mountain. The crowd had gathered as the mail riders time of arrival came on, and the yarns were spun by first one and then the other. Bumpkins, barefooted and "one gallussed," with "hickory" shirts and cone shaped felt hats, yellow from age and weather, geyed one another, talked over their lady loves and the late sociable at Mason's—here the mail came—was delivered—and there was a letter for Major Browder, why I had completely forgotten to tell you that he was a pensioner. But of course you knew that from the elegant leisure he afforded. There are extremely few in country settlements who can afford leisure, but a large majority of the male population take it whether they can afford it or not. Anyway Major Browder's quarterly pension had come, and it was duly given to him. He fumbled with his palsied hands in his coat pocket, tucking it away safe, then resumed his occupation of staring across with never a wink or a blink at the top of the neighboring mountain. Just as the sun went down and the crowd began to disperse, the Major cailed on the village doctor, whose accustomed chair was next to his, for a chew of tobacco.

It was cut and passed and the old gentleman had taken a trial champ or two upon it when he shoved the guid into one corner of his mouth and spoke in a piping voice: "Doctor, it was about this time o'year when Lord Fairfax died."

"Is that so," said the doctor.

"Yes, 'twere 'bout this time of year—summer time—everything pretty and green, I 'member it jes' like it 'twere yesterday. Did you ever hear 'bout the way Lord Fairfax died?"

The doctor said "no," and tilting his chair back against the store got himself ready for a long story, for Major Browder was a long story teller. You would not find the telling of the Major so interesting as the Major himself and for that reason I have changed the style of the story he told.

THE DEATH OF LORD FAIRFAX.

The Fairfax mansion seemed deserted, only a light or so flickered from its windows as two travellers carefully picked their way down the mountain road. The great mansion in the wilderness, how strange it seems in its stillness, so far from the bustling cities of the

New Empire, Baltimore, away down the bay, Philadelphia, full five days journey by the coach. "It seems marvelous, my dear Washington, that such a structure should be raised in the shadow of the mountain forests—it seems strange, surely it must have been the determination of a wealthy pioneer that raised it."

"You speak truly," replied his guide, who lacked the French accent of the first, "'twas no other than Lord Fairfax, and it is within me to stop there over night. We'll brave the old royalist in his den. You do not fear him? Had I thought so I would have pushed on to the tavern."

Their horses hitched they stumbled up the stone terraces and dropped the big brass knocker. The clatter was echoed from a neighboring hill, the big oaken door swung in with a creak and the servant with candle in hand lead the way to the parlor. The Marquis gazed with admiration—it was surely a transplanted English castle—the emblazoned arms upon the wall, the tapestries, the pictures, the quaint yet costly furniture, the spinet, all suggestive of the best that merry England could boast of.

"I tell you, Gen. Washington," he cried with enthusiasm, "it is no ordinary man who has done this. It is a man of power, a man of great determination, who would transport his palace to the wilderness. He sees future empires arise from this unhappy land. Gen. Washington, it is a pity that such a man should have remained a royalist."

"My dear Marquis, inspired as you are with the burning enthusiasm of a patriot in the cause of human equality and freedom, it is easy for you to forget that bonds of love for his mother country have never been broken, and that he is as strong for England as we are against her. Poor man, when he knows what we know, that England's star is doomed, then his patriotic heart will break, even as mine if our country would fail. But my Lord Fairfax comes and we should respect him for his honesty. You must not take offense at his opinions but bear with him, you will find him truly the Lord of Greenway Court."

With this speech Washington turned toward the door as Lord Fairfax came in—a stately bearing his, a man of uncommon height and great strength, with whitening hair cropping out under his powdered wig, faultless clothing of a brownish hue, the same color of hose and large silver buckles upon his high heeled shoes. He seemed inclined to be fair, fat, but not forty—he was surely almost twice that age—the perfect picture of grand old age, save for his face—that was covered with wrin-

kles, the symbols of trouble, or anxiety of heart.

He greeted Washington warmly, and extended his hand in a gracious manner to the Masquis De Lafayette.

Then he did what was the most proper thing to do, he said:

"Will the Marquis accept a pinch of snuff?"

"No, the Marquis would not accept." My Lord Fairfax gazed inquiringly at him, closed the box and placed it in his pocket, asked the gentlemen to be seated.

They talked over the affairs of the war, of England, of France. My Lord Fairfax showed now and then his metal—he did more, he showed his hospitality—Washington and Lafayette were asked to spend the night. The supper bell rang through the halls, the candles glimmered on the table, and the guests ate like wolves. The fair daughter of my Lord Fairfax reigned queen of the motherless household—queen of Greenway Court. Lafayette at first admired, at last loved her, and the love lasted to the end of his life.

The next day came. With it the two patriots bade adieu, and hastened on toward the North. But the seed was sown and Lafayette treasured the memory of the lady, even as she treasured within her heart the memory of him. She visited in Georgetown and to Georgetown he came. She took the coach to Baltimore, and behold to Baltimore he came, thanks to the two-penny post.

The months sped by, the year was past, Cornwallis was at the South and Miss Margerie Fairfax was at home.

There came a letter to her. It had come a long way and had passed through many hands before it reached hers. Within it the Marquis told her of his love and asked that she would give to him her hand.

She trembled, she loved him much, she loved her father more, and still she feared her father.

What was she to do? He was of the Continentals, she of the Tories. The consent of her father, it would be impossible, she would never gain it. There was one hope, one inspiration that came to her in that hour of sadness—she knew that her father loved her, that he loved her dearly and it was upon this love that she built her castle, counted the days when he would be at home.

His home coming was a happy one for her, all was done to make him comfortable, yet he seemed broken, the news of the final victory at Yorktown was almost a death blow. She went to him in his study and throwing her arms around his neck, told him of her love for the Marquis, and asked if she might say yes.

There was astonishment in his face, tears came into his eyes, he leaned forward on his table and sat still and disconsolate for some minutes, then gazed out over the valley at the reddening leaves of autumn.

"My daughter," he said gravely at last, "this is the autumn of my life, I may not last till winter. I trust I shall not. My heart is broken. I had hoped to found upon this soil a jewel in my country's crown. From childhood it has been my hope, my dream, it bade me cross the dark ocean and plunge into the depths of unknown forests. It led me to expend vast sums in the improvement of my estates, and in the exploration of them, all this I have done for naught. Anarchy, the equality of manhood, that hateful principle of Grecian philosophers and sages, that mockery of reformers of all times, slew my hopes, my hirelings fled and joined the marauders, they burned my properties, they fell upon my few trusty servants and led them into captivity, and you my daughter, my own flesh and blood, you come to me with one of their leaders, a Frenchman, deserter of his royal house, a nobleman, who despises the nobility from which he sprung, who hates all that I stand for as a monarchist, and ask not only pardon for the Marquis De Lafayette, but insult me with this proposal of marriage."

"I spurn the man. I would crush the viper beneath my heel. Rather would I throw thee to the dogs, my child, than debase thy noble lineage by the consideration of this Frenchman's chaff. Let me hear no more of it, it becomes thee not to defile thy mouth by the mention of the dastard's name. Ye Gods, let my humiliation end here. My hopes are blasted, the downfall of old England seems imminent, its grandeur topples even as I totter toward the grave. My country, my love for thee has been so strong that thy misfortunes break my heart, I feel that my death is near; my heart breaks—and all—all is—"

She helped him to a couch and all that could be done was done for him. He lost his speech, he did not seem to hear, his limbs grew rigid, his lips moved not, and his eyes were fixed, his breast heaved for the last time and his great heart stopped beating. Lord Fairfax was dead.

(CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

Dartmouth is considering a plan for the support of college athletics by which the bill of each student is to be increased \$10 a year, which will go toward the support of the football, baseball and track teams. Every student will in this case receive a pass to all the athletic contests.

SORROWFUL WORK.

I was out in the woods this mornin',
Afore you was up, I know;
And I killed a couple of pa'tridge
And a dozen squir'ls or so.

When comin' round the corner,
Thar by old Thrasher's Creek,
I see somethin' down in the bushes,
A runnin' it like a streak.

I was allers proud of my shot, Phil,
Have won many a beef you know;
And 'fore I thought; I jest jerked up,
And pulled down on that doe.

You better b'lieve I fotch'd it,
As good as a mortal could;
For it just drapped down on the grass there,
In a little red heap of blood.

I was up by its side in a minute;
But it seemed that I somehow shook
When them purty brown eyes come open
With a pitiful sort o'look.

I know I'm rough and ugly,
And they say I'm surprisin' bad;
But if I hadn't teched that rifle
I'd 'a' been uncommon glad.

For there was a hole in the shoulder
Where you might 'a' stuck your fist,
And the big bright eyes was kivered
With somethin' that looked like mist.

But still they went straight through me,
Though how I can never know—
With a look like a little baby
That died not long ago.

It made me feel mighty quivery,
With one or two looks like these;
So I out with my knife in a second,
And put the poor thing at ease.

I dunno why I done it,
It was sorter ondignified—
But I jest plumped down thar by it,
Right flat on the ground, and cried.

Well, yes, I guess I'm foolish,
And you may think less o' me Phil,
But I wouldn't 'a' killed that critter
For a fifty-dol'ar bill.—*Ex.*

EPIGRAM.

[A product of the Scientific School.]

They tell the tale of a doctor—
Well versed in the sciences he—
Who, beholding a dead donkey, cried
"Lo! this is what I too shall be."

The story is old, no doubt;
And the moral if carefully read,
Is that he who is an ass while living,
Will still be an ass when dead.

—From the Spanish.

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